

ANGRY, YOUNG + POOR'S



MISpent Youth

+ other keen zines

Get 'em @



So. Chicago ABC

P.O. Box 721

Homewood, IL 60430

SOUTH CHICAGO ABC
ZINE DISTRO
POB 721 HOMEWOOD IL 60430

— ((FNSHD - 10/30/06)) —



No Me ha gas Tu PuFo,
Por favor.



¿¿¿ What in the SAM H*LL?!!



Scoby
Thankx!

These in bred
Fux that work here for
giving me Hell. To my in bred
Parents for fueling the Angel I have
To: wait from F.F.T.G., for inspiring me to get
off my Ass & do something, Thank Abt brother. To my
Brother sk & for just being there when I needed Him,
& to you for reading this shit!



Yeah you thanks for reading. Yeah
You know who you are, Yeah
Lives & keep us alive inside
Writers fuckers that share the
Publishers & Distros that share the
To the scene
Thankx
Chris
+ you
+ Thanks to
for keeping me up late
Nights working on the zine
Hope you can read it!

Rejoices

So. Chicago ABC

P.O. Box 721

Homewood, IL 60430

Houston ABC

P.O. Box 667614

Houston, TX 77266-7614

Lawrence ABC

P.O. Box 1483

Lawrence, KS 66044

PANORAMA Society (\$)

109 ARNOLD AVE

Cranston, RI 02905

Zen Baby (\$2)

P.O. Box 1611

Santa Cruz, CA 95061-1611

Write us! Rant, Draw - we'll put it in our zine!

Christopher Ogden

#14210890 S.R.C.I.

777 STANTON BLVD

ONTARIO, OR 97914

Josh Lennon - Brown

#15138738 S.R.C.I.

777 STANTON BLVD

ONTARIO, OR 97914

Remember, we're in prison & our mail is raped
before we get it.

ABC



Back

MARK

Free
Zine
Distro

Free
Zine
Distro

Continued From Pg 27

(What made you want to write zines?)

MUTT - WALT from FFTG, & my brother. They both got me through their writing & made me want to get off my Ass & Do something.

MY - What Advice would you give to would be zine writers?

MUTT - Just write. Find something that your passionate about & write. Don't care what other people think, people are Ass holes, who cares what they think.

MY - What do you get from zines that you can't find any where else?

MUTT - The one thing I've noticed is that you get more up close & personal with the writers. These are their personal thoughts, And no two zines are the same.

MY - Any shout outs? curses?

MUTT - I say fuck ya to SK8, WALT, Reb, Anthony Ryson & curse the system.

MY - Good times.



Hope you all enjoyed our zine, & if not your a soldier for making it through.

Peace out &
UP THE PUNK! 37

HELLO! THANK for picking up Issue #2 of Angry, Young & poor.

Issue #1 has been misplaced, or just straight up lost, it may or may not ever come out. So Here's #2. Enjoy it, or Fuck off. **IT** doesn't matter cuz we made this for us, Not you. So, you gotta Ask yourself, why Are it you **us**?! Why do you have to make it "Us vs. Them"?! Do you think That fixes Anything?! Fuck!

- This zine WAS made with Hate & Discontent (for the system that holds us here) & a whole hell of a lot of Contraband. Well, some contraband, enough for us.

- So take us with you to the shitter & if you don't like our zine, who the fuck cares, use it for toilet paper!

UP THE PUNK!

ANGRY, Young & Poor is Scooby & Mutt 1st & 2nd Oregon inmates of the Prison industrial complex.

Mispent youth is A Division of "Angry, Young And poor", headed by Christopher Ogden; Also currently an Oregon inmate.

Our Message is collaboration & communication in Revolutionary Action toward unity.

Our Action is the Zines & letters that Connect us All in Solidarity.

THINK GLOBAL ACT LOCAL

We should All be writing Zines. Why Aren't You writing A Zine? Write A Zine! CUZ You get no where being A consumer. Even if the Material is Useful & relevant, you gotta Act; & for prisoners, writing is our Action. Letters, Zines, Communication, collaboration get off your ASS & do something!

Don't gotta publisher though do ya? Find one. Don't give up, And in the mean time, write your Favorite Zine writers & Support the scene. Be involved in Any way possible, It's difficult to be A Prison writer when nobody writes back to you. Show your support, discuss ideas, Share yourself, contribute.

Using your time wisely? Educating yourself? Great, Share what you've learned. Individually we collaborate to become great.

Get involved, Do something! That's All I'm saying.

XELLE

- Christopher

More Reviews #2 FLOWERS FROM THE GRAVE

- This is the Perfect Zine, Walt is Very Personal with this one & it works. The drawings are great. It is well put together. This is A must have for Any Zinester, so get it. (FANORAMA)

S.O. #4 - A classic from the word get. My brother did A great Job putting this one together. A must have for Anyone, so enjoy it. (FANORAMA)

Thought Bomb -

MAN, WAS THIS A mind Fuck. How can one guy 'get All This info about the corruption in the country? Anthony Ryson is God. HAHAAH, Be on the look out for An I-View w/ Anthony in the next Ish of Angry, Young & Poor. Get 'em both, it'll blow your mind.

REVIEWS

STITCHED UP #1 - Good shit! Hard to read in places, cut + paste, + drawings, kick ass! stitch (skg) + Etard + tear it up with some sharp pants. MANDATORY READ FOR ALL. (So. Chicago ABC)

THICK INK #1 - This tribute to the zine community will make you want to salute the zine international flag + sing the Anthem of the renegade writers. (Anybody written that yet?) I hope Fredrick keeps writing AFTER he gets out in 2007. (FANORAMA SOCIETY)

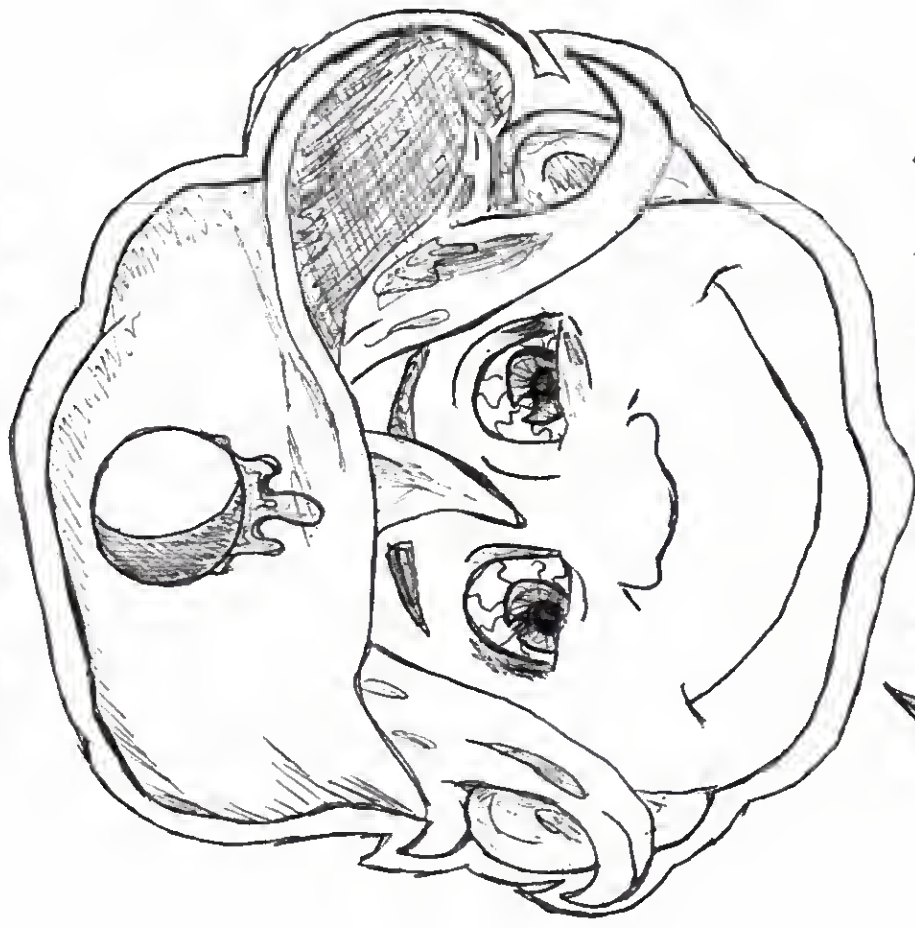
UNHEDRD SILENCE - Devin is personal + real. I'm not much for poetry but some of his poems left teeth marks in my skull. Hopefully he found a publisher, I want more.

PUNK PAGAN - This is good stuff. Mostly writing, relevant + thought provoking. Check it out. (FANORAMA SOCIETY)

ZENBABY - Makes my head A// Fuzzy. I'm not a poet like these guys + Gals but I enjoy the visit to their worlds.

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GENERAL



AMERICAN
MORONS



UNTITLED
by Scooby

Another day, another dollar,

Another B.I. collecting call,

I'm Disillusioned and let down,

Cause all my heroes are Junkies now

We've all been Down this Road before

We're Always wrong when we think we're right.

But no matter what
we Always

Keep Up The Fight

wrong or right, Doesn't matter.

We're Not going to hand you this Nation

ON A Golden Platter.

Pockets keep on

Even though your Getting Fatter.

5

My Heart is Broke into a Million Pieces
BECAUSE OF YOU.

I Look upon A Thousand faces,

But I can't tell the difference cause They All Look like you.

I've thought of suicide,

But That can't Be,

cause my heart is mendable,

And my eyes can still see.

You can take those memories,

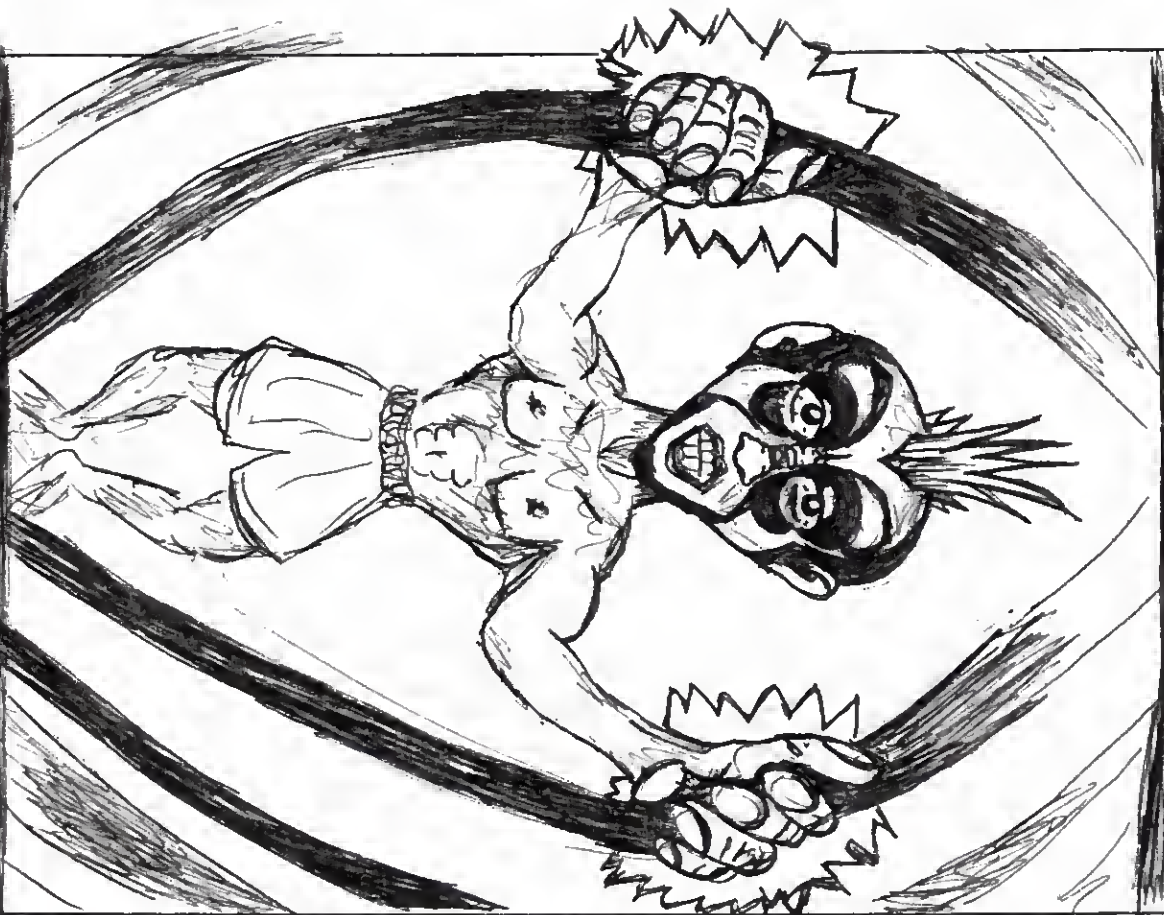
cause I don't want them.

Life's full of uncertainties,

We all have that in common.

- Josh

ZINE'S BREAK



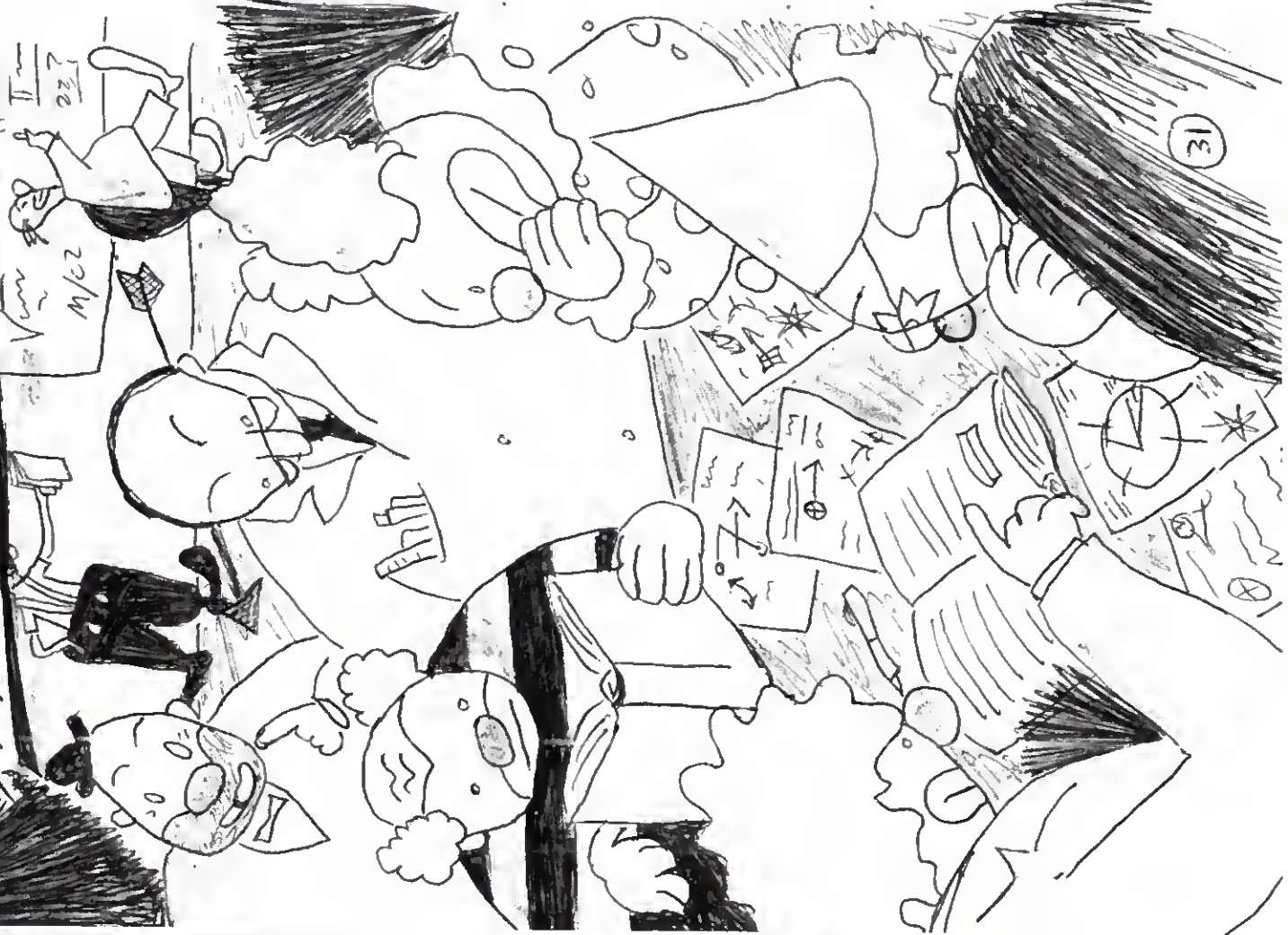
PARSIV

Found something

Something needs to be done here. To those of us doing things, let's do more. Cuz this is Rediculous! Department of Corrections? Corrections? That's force the nextless money grubbers should be proud of. All wish this WAS A correctional facility; id love some rehabilitation; some education; some information that would be beneficial to me, id sing & Dance shamelessly, id stand on my head & wear little mermaid underoos for some of this "rehabilitation". Cuz im broken, this whole God Damn country is broken & me with it cuz I live here. But all ive got is this sick twisted parody of "Corrections", when I could really use some authentic interst in my success & well being, As I think we all could, incarcerated or no. Alister, I have to fight for it, Fight like im sure kind of Revolutionist, some kind of Rebel in an oppressive, communistic, tyrant NATION. I have to fight the negativity & the FLASHY dressed up stake your booty capitalist biggory Nations this show. Im not a rebel, Im not a terrorist, Im not even An Anarchist, Im just a hu man being trying to feel passionate about life in an Apathetic society, in An apathetic world.

I screwed up, sure. I Broke A broken rule, cuz it didnt make sense, but instead of someone Attempting to explain to me Just what the hell All this Happy Horse shit is supposed to stand for, They toss me in Accally → 32

D.O.C. Policy Writers



IM Too Young Too Die!!

by Scooby

(I WAS 13 AT THE TIME OF THIS STORY)

One Night I WAS drinking with some fellow punx + my brother. I couldnt stop listening to

Agent Orange. Hunk the song was "Too young to die"

I Just dropped some Acid that I got from my Uncle

when he was in town a few days before. At first

it was a good trip but as we finished our last

case of PBR and started on our half gallons

of Irish Whiskey, I started seeing these little

green men with Fangs that looked alot like sk8

but only uglier, and if you've seen my brother (D)

you know That's the hardest thing to do.

They kept getting bigger + bigger + more

uglier than the last, the more I drank. They

started coming out of the bushes + eventually

surrounded me.

Then the bushes behind me rattled. I turned

Around and A Big Green MAN, uglier than all the

little ones ~~my~~ brother combined comes out.

He looks at me + says -

He looks at me + says -

He looks at me + says -

He looks at me + says -

He looks at me + says -

He looks at me + says -

He looks at me + says -

He looks at me + says -

He looks at me + says -

He looks at me + says -

... In this deep & scary voice. I just hit my
knees & screamed -

I Don't want to

Die x

I'm Too Young to Die x

Please Don't eat

Me x

You can Have My

Brother x

Just please Don't ~~EAT~~ Meee x

I just started bawling.

My brother picks me up off the ground
& says -

"You can never listen to Agent Orange
and Drink with me Again,"

9

© Ritual of Defeat

It's the weekend, wake YA Demons
It's Go'clock now liquor up
Roll a blunt you've got the feeling
Smoke that split & refill your cup.

Bury your sorrow Burn your cares
Drawn your pain & toss Dispar

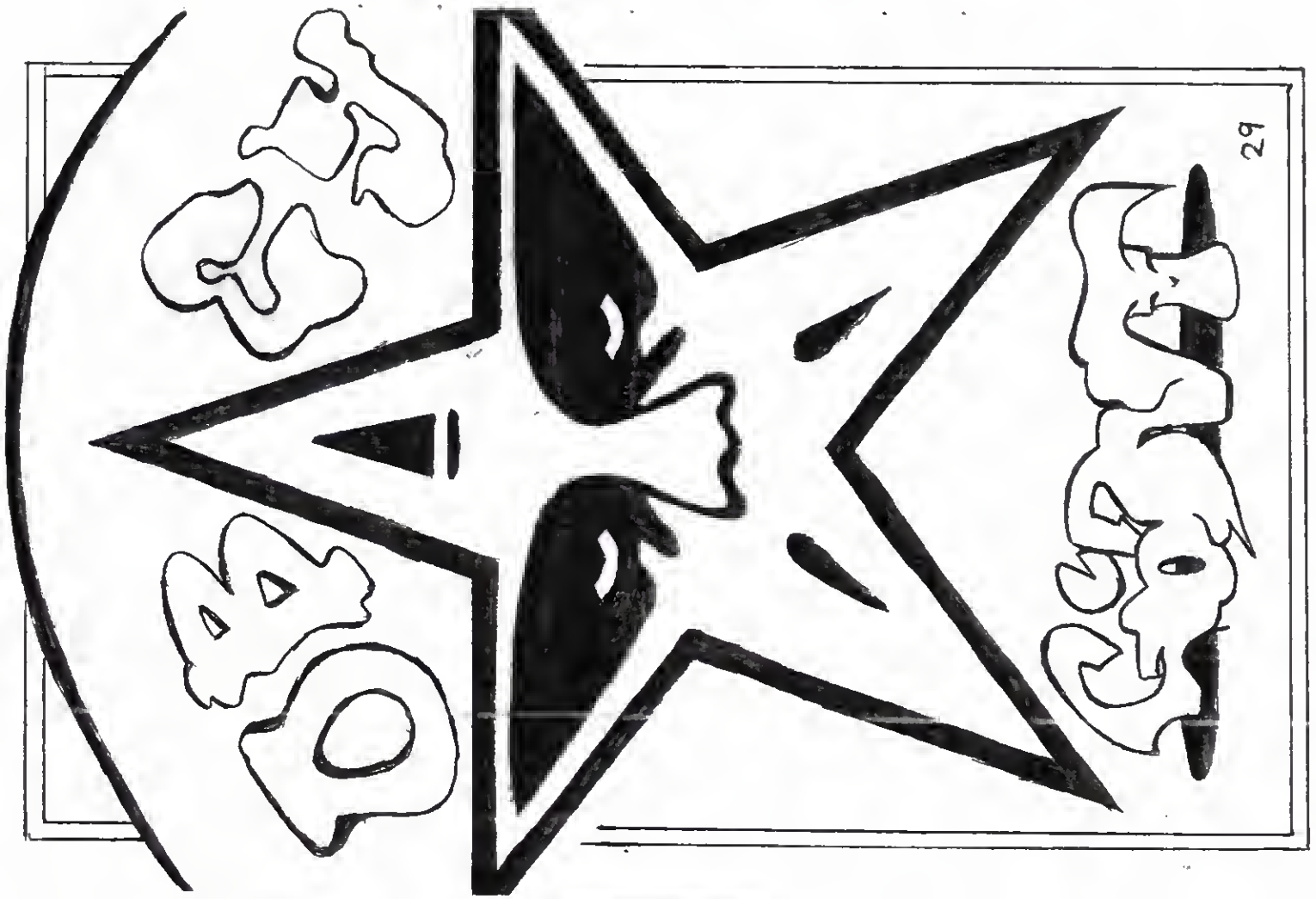
Ritual of Defeat, Drinking Fire -
Pissing Steam -

Ritual of Defeat, Wake yourself now
it's A Dream,

Cuz 9 to 5 is the zombie Ride
Going Down, in the Devil confide
tell your whoa's to your grave stone
Cuz you Aint never that far from home
Ritual of Defeat, Drinking, Fire -
Pissing Steam

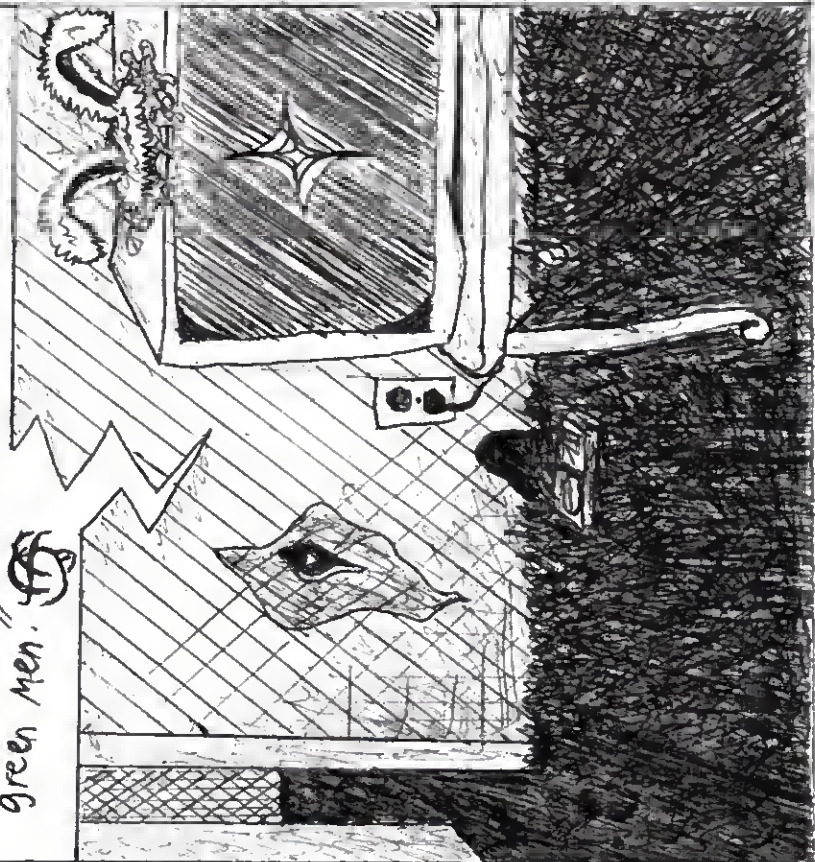
Ritual of ~~Defeat~~, Wake your self
Now it's A Dream.

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Hey Scooby, I call bullsh!t.
That never happened, How About it SK8?
Did That ever happen? **STAY TUNED FOLKS!**
In MISPENT Youth #3, we'll have An Interview
with SK8 to here the Truth About "Little

green men."



XX I WAS Looking Through the glass, **XX**
don't Know how much time has past-
but it feels Like forever, And no one
ever tells you That forever feels Like

"Influence," by Christopher

So I get out of this people warehouse in 9 months + my first thought is "MUST NOT COME BACK!" So that means 9 to 5. I hate 9 to 5. I hate the thought of working my life away until I'm too old to enjoy it. This will not do! At least not after I get off "Post-Prison supervision" - Secret squirrel code for parole after a day for day - No good time - Sentence. Beautiful, But breakable. Then I can go about protesting in a more intelligent manner that won't get me locked up.

So here's the idea I'm juggling. My dad sells health insurance. He wants me to work for him when I get out. I'll do it any ways cuz working for my dad is better than working for someone else. And since I must have a job while on "Post-Prison," it's logical.

Thought process as follows:

#1. Insurance companies are evil. They do everything they can to wiggle out of paying your medical bills. They're greedy money grubbing weasels.

#2. People need insurance. Right? Cuz people can't pay the crazy bills ^{that} ~~we~~ might incur, who knows what might happen. Plus it gives us control, * options regarding our lives, as far as doctors, * second opinions, + all that.

Calling All Punks!!

by ~~ME~~ ~~ME~~

When I was growing up and all through school I never really fit in any where. There were no punks in my first year of high school, but you can say I was the only one.

Even then, I was made to feel like I didn't belong. When I went to shows, I was called a poser, told I wasn't a real punk cause they didn't know me, + the people grew up with. + cuz I was a new-cumers to "their scene."

So to all of you Punks & non Punks, this is for you. Listen: how can our scene grow + how can we get our message out to people who don't know, if you have that attitude of "I'm better than you?" That shit just makes new-comers not want to be there.

So I challenge you to think of how people perceive your attitude + think before you act. And also think of how you would feel if it were you.

With unity we can accomplish what our minds set forth. It's up to you.

Y4TF
WTF the Punks!!

MY, -Gottcha there! Although the zine is on Earth,
So technically we are too.

MUTT - HA! I got you. I was right for once in my
Short Non-ex sting Life.

MY, - Feeling your insignificance in this vast expanse
of ... Prison? Or is That the Universe?

MUTT - All of the Above, man. That's why I do this
zine, to feel important.

MY, - Ahh, The truth is made plain. Hey, I say we
Jump Those Fat Slobs for their spread.

MUTT - I'm down, but there's nothing left of their
spread. So what are we going to eat?

MY, - No, there's a cup left. I just tried to buy it off

His, - A fool & his money are soon parted, but not
A Fat man & his food.

MUTT - Next question, Before I get the cornbread!

MY, - Yikes! Wait, you have food?!

MUTT - Oh, shit! Help!

MY, - See how you treat me? Let it be known, in
these punk Annals, that mutt is stingy.

MUTT - I AM NOT! The corn bread is stale & is used
for discipline.

MY, - Any ways, Put in That 7 seconds CD & Ride
me this: What made you want to write zines?

Continued on page 37



RIP IT OUT! FIX IT UP! MAIL IT OUT! WE'LL SLAP IT IN!

#3) My dad is a good person. He's not a slippery
Sales man. He doesn't hire slick Rick types,
They don't actually do well in his company any ways.
My dad sells to people who's company doesn't provide
(or provides crappy) health care, or to small businesses
looking to provide affordable health care to themselves &
their employees.

These people need health care. My dad and his
people do their best to help them pick the
best options to meet their needs. Not to sell
them something they can't really afford, don't need
or want.



#4. Then might I not be helping people by working for my dad? Sure, insurance companies ~~are~~ are crooked capitalist shuckoffs, but that doesn't mean we don't need insurance, does it? I'm not trying to convince you, I'm asking you. Cuz this is what I'm thinking.

I sure would pay insurance here if it meant I didn't have to see these reject patsy Doctors, who tell us "drink more water" + "It's in your head," every time we have an issue, heartless nurses + crazy mad scientist Dentists "they employ here, my teeth are probably rotting out of my head cuz I know better to let these wackos' Anywhere near my mouth.

Granted there are more helpful things for our society than spreading Affordable health care, but as far as 9 to 5's that help people?

What Do you think?

Let Me Know!



I-View with Mutt

MisSpent Youth - So, here we are in Angry, Young + Poor #2, but what happened to #1?

MUTT - It got stolen. I let ske8 read it then he got an idea to do a split-Isk + I haven't seen it since. So it's all his fault.

M.Y. - Ah ha, blame it on your brother, Good times

MUTT - DAMN str8, good times, He'd do it to me!

M.Y. - MAN, it's been forever since I listened to some good punk. What are we listening to?

MUTT - It's The Whipped Tour '05 CD. My FAV's on this one are Flogging Molly, Tsunami Bomb + Atraxh is pretty bad too.

M.Y. - We should have a CD with our zine, so people can rock out while they read.

MUTT - Ha! I'm not sure we can do that, we're in prison Remember?

M.Y. - Oh right. Well, soon enough I'll be out, then I could. Only most prisoners couldn't get them. DAMN, ah well, I tried.

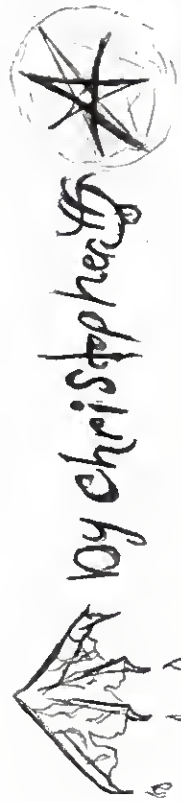
MUTT - Welcome Back To Fear!'

M.Y. - where? I'm not on earth, I'm on a piece of paper in the hands of our readers ...

MUTT - Oh, yeah.. I forgot,



While The smaller imps & elves play with
 their machine,
 Making toots & Thingamagloots, That remain to
 be seen
 Maybe their just bystanders
 or maybe their the cause
 They might just be the floor boards or
 the engines of chaos,
 Could it have all began somewhere?
 As Fattered Dragons fly,
 for though they all shall fade away,
 they'll surely never die.



IF WE ARE really Dieing let us hear the
 rattle in our throats and feel the cold in our
 extremities; if we are Alive, let us go about
 Living.
 MAN sits as many Risks as he runs.

ANGRY, YOUNG + POOR'S

STARFISH SYNAGOGUE

Once you PASS through the star Gate
 you will fall into the Lake of Two -
 moons, from there the second gate,
 the Gate of the Swirl will take you to...



Face of Book of the Dead



You have misinterpreted the
 Holy Law, you cannot PASS!

Run for it, Guys!

Face of extremists: Diarrhea

by Christopher

MISTANT YOUTHS!!!

Scattered Dragons



Disembodied dinosaur
Bearded face upon the floor
Two monsters each - with a wicked axe
chasing a

Little Man
with a burning
hand.

Ogre in the shadows, demons heard
don't know what he said
tried to eat the two-toothed cloudy p~~re~~man
ball of lead.

Down the pits, the circus imp screams
Devouring smoldering sky scrape ruins -
that haunt the lower scene



MR. Clean, tell me is that really you? ~~of~~
I wonder what you've done, to become so ~~of~~
~~of~~ ~~of~~ Big & Dumb.

Last time we met you beat me up ~~of~~
that was no surprise, ~~of~~
Though I miss the Days when you were nice,
~~of~~ ~~of~~
24

This Page is Blank 'cause we would like to have
A moment of Silence for Tom Roberts of Pasadena
who died a while Ago.
RIP, Brother.

NOTHING LEFT HERE

by Scooby & NAT

There's nothing left here for me

Sitting in this Nazi Country
if this is the land of opportunity
Then slit my wrists & let me bleed
Pay your taxes, shut your mouth
while ruling classes sit on their couch.

Gotta get up & get out of here

I gotta get up & do something right

Gotta break the chains that hold us here

Even if it's my last fight -

STAND UP!

As I fade away & watch it bleed,
The spirit of rebellion came -

"How did we get on our knees,
chokeing on the code of Democracy?"

Will we continue to let this be?
Or will we bite the hand that feeds?

STAND UP!

Cause we won't take this any more...



ALL these GANSTER ASS
HIPPIES WANNA KILL ME,
HIGH CLASS - WHITE TRASH MAN

They just don't feel me!

I'm on a silent spree, of love &
respect. CALL ME INSANE, call me
crazy it'll have no effect / not a grain
I take your world with a pound of salt,
& some **TABASCO** to drown that sour taste
out! Cuz y'all devote - to whatever God
you about, & that's fine with me just don't

Be a Flee / Under my skin - preaching original
sin, sorry charlie I got problems of my own to
Audit, I can't be pickin' up faults, your play king
Alotted // Freedom of Religion - **these Nuts** on your
chin, **CHRISTIAN USA**, mm, where the hell have you been
up on cloud nine or the parking garage, dead to the
world or potential causes / your savior will be here -
Any day now, he'll do the hekey poky & - Hey now!
take you away? Maybe in a **STRAIT JACKET**, or **SUSPENDED**
Kool-Aid cuz god made the packets // I can't - /

Rationalize working 9 to 5, Aint it real to
assume you've been **Zemified**? please don't - /
Pimp my ride, man I can't decide, some times I

WANNA kill the World, sometimes I wanna die!
But that's - / emotion at minimum, this here is
Segregation, where Truth hides Behind



doors, A cell war. or Nation/ Battle-
stations, Battle stations, cuz An ego
has no patience, if someone don't
back down we're gonna have an Altru-
cation/ complication simplified,
Paladins put aside pride, cuz A beef
Just to beef is where Aces slide they-
/side loose, playing duck duck goose,
to their immature games of more Danger
than use!

Use to - enjoy life, but now it's done
for the sake of the knife, im-/ Ranks laced
I got berries by the use, their aint a child in
This world who wont know my face!

Transition, switch positions, time to introduce
the Real Tradition/ Hippie inhabiting the hole
like perdition, 'been fishin' in my orange surp-
sit writing/ letters by the pound & killing
books - Ahh shoot', Pages missing, the best ones are/
been tore up & wrote on cuz they been so far
All these Gangster Ass Hippies wanna kill me.
High class - white trash, man,

They Just Don't Feel Me!

17

FRANK.

Postage TRICK! →

So this Rich guy in the 1800's donated
millions of Dollars to the Post office so homeless
people could send mail to their family's. Nice guy
eh? Look it up in the dictionary.

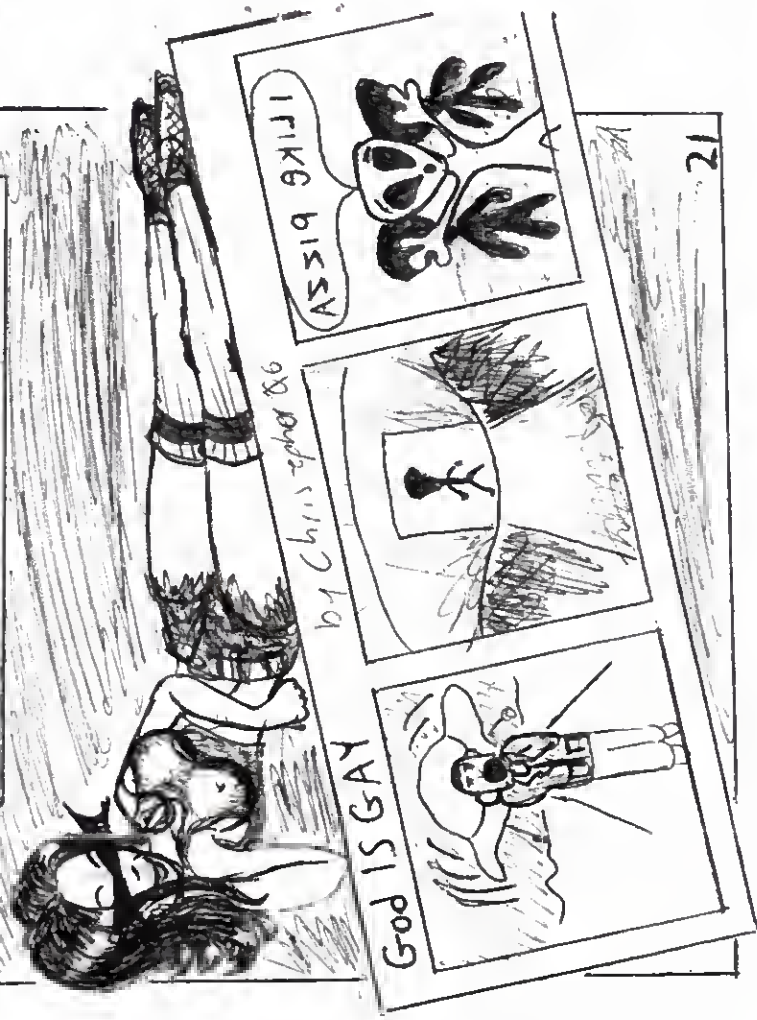
So what this means my Good zinesters is
That you need not pay postage. All you gotta do
is write "FRANK" up where the stamp goes &
mail that bad boy off! Seriously! It works,
Guaranteed! And for us prisoners who can't buy
envelopes without postage Drop A FRANK on
there & overstuff the hell out of that 'loper,
~~extra~~ postage payed!

In the USA 700 People out of every
100,000 ARE in prison. This compares
w/ th: New Zealand 155 per 100,000,
Germany 100, Spain 138, Canada 116,
South Africa 400, Australia 115.

Home of the Brave, Land of the Free?

→ WIG OUT! X

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SEND ART!

WE'LL PUT IT IN OUR ZINE.

(You will get credit for your work.)

